The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXIV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1920 NUMBER 307

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The Week

HAVE Poland and Russia signed an armistice? What a few weeks ago seemed impossible, with Pilsudski urging an "advance to the complete destruction of the enemy," and Trotsky calling on Russia to face a winter campaign, may at last be accomplished. Of the two, Poland is plainly victorious, and she has the best of what was quite frankly a bargain. But any peace with Poland would also be a victory for Moscow. The Russians have given in to the Polish demand for a boundary far to the east of the line set by the Allies; for several million more White Russians, Ukrainians and Jews to rule over and digest if possible; and a freakish "corridor" running east of Lithuania to the Baltic. If the Bolsheviki thus find themselves separated from Lithuania and lose much purely Russian territory, they gain enormously, as peace with Poland would leave General Baron Wrangel their last external foe.

FOR a humiliating peace with Poland seems a price not too dear to pay for what the Soviet leaders must consider a vitally necessary offensive against Wrangel. The Baron's position is not comfortable. If it is true that Wrangel's bandit partner, Makhno, has deserted to the Reds, it may well be because he sees signs of reinforcements coming from the Polish front, and wishes to be found moving in the same direction as the Red tide when it arrives. Nevertheless Wrangel is a real menace to Soviet power. The French have sent him General Weygand, the savior of Warsaw. His line, which has been steadily moving northward, now extends roughly from Kiev to Rostov through Kharkov, cutting through a good part of the Donets coal field. Coal is a vital prop of Bolshevik supremacy. But they have other enemies! Hunger and typhus are as efficient as ever. And rumors of strikes, revolts, peace demonstrations; a reported rising of Social-Revolutionaries at Nizhni-Novgorod hint at dark reasons why peace with Poland must be made in haste.

WITH the Polish peace Soviet Russia will gain something else much more valuable, for on her settlement with the Poles awaits the signing of a trade agreement with Great Britain. The prospects are bright for an early signature, perhaps within a month. British official pressure had its share in making the Poles yearn for peace, for there was some $20,000,000 worth of signed contracts in the background. The agreement as reported to the Tribune by Arthur Draper in London is not one-sided. It is supposed in Great Britain to be a purely commercial one. That it means more than mere trade is plain from a reading of its terms, which include removal of all obstacles in the way of a resumption of trade; extension of all facilities to British and Russian merchants; appointment of trade representatives and official agents to visé passports; post, telegraph and wireless privileges for each country; the acknowledgement of passports as legal documents; recognition by Soviet Russia of Tsarist debts to Brit-

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ish subjects, agreement by Great Britain not to attach gold securities exported from Russia in payment for imports. How far does such an arrangement fall short of "recognition"?

PROFESSOR ZEIDLER, head of the Petrograd Red Cross, has escaped to Finland and tells "of the agony of a dying city": "Petrograd is facing a dreadful phantom of epidemics. Thousands are already dying every month of spotted, abdominal and intermittent typhus; dysentery, Spanish influenza, smallpox, pulmonary diseases, hunger and exhaustion. . . . The healthy people of Petrograd have puffed faces and baggy eyes . . . The hospitals are overflowing with dropsy victims, mostly women, elderly men and children. . . . Almost all the operations result in complications such as pneumonia and ulcers. . . . Medical supplies are very scarce . . . there are only two thermometers for 150 patients . . . the manufacture of 30,000 coffins a month is insufficient. . . ." The headlines fling this raw piece of horror at us without comment. Readers will shudder at it much or little, according to political temperament. And there will be some too, of course, to note with a ghoulish satisfaction this latest proof of the "fallacy of Bolshevism." There is another way of looking at it: a government—it is our own—that has placed a blockade on the shipment of medical supplies to a country where there is such suffering as Prof. Zeidler describes is guilty of the cruellest act ever committed in the name of the American people.

WHAT is Austria to do? She is a capital without a country, starving, hopeless and unemployed. Union with Hungary would be a partnership of beggars. The other Danubian nations surround her with an iron ring of hatred. President Seitz sees that fusion with Germany is the only possible thing left for his country to do, and the Austrian Assembly has arranged for a plebiscite as the first step. There can be small doubt as to the result of this. After that, the way is blocked by France, who, moved more by fear of Germany than any very deep hatred for Austria, will protest to the Council of Ambassadors against what seems to her a violation of the spirit of the treaties of Versailles and St. Germain. And France is right: to allow a people branded with the label of "enemy" to take the one possible road to economic recovery is indeed a violation of the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles.

WHAT brought the seizure of Italian factories to an end was agreement by the government that a joint commission of employers and workmen should draw up plans, afterwards to be made law, for the "syndical control" of Italian industries. There was no very clear indication at the time of the exact limits of the phrase. For these words, so hateful in employers' ears, might well lose much of their meaning by the time a joint commission and an act of Parliament had defined them. But the details of the settlement, as proposed by the commission of workmen appointed to make concrete proposals to the government, seems plain-spoken enough. Their program includes "control," by the Workmen's Council in each factory, of the purchase of raw materials; control of all goods unloaded, price-fixing of the finished product; "control" of the general expenses of the company; the decision as to when new machinery is necessary. "Control" in English means more than the Italian "controllo," which is hardly more than "supervision." But whether the men aim at "control," or "supervision" and whether the victorious armistice will lead to a peace as easily achieved are questions of small concern. The real significance of these demands is their emphasis not only on wages and working conditions, but upon production. The workmen look upon themselves no longer as employees, but as producers.

GOVERNOR COX in a recent speech made a statement that he cannot have considered very deeply. The League, he promised, provides for disarmament. Unfortunately for Gov. Cox and the rest of the world, it does not. The President fell into the same error last year in a California speech. The council of the League, according to Article 8, "shall formulate plans for such reduction (of armaments) for the consideration and action of the several governments," which may then act on the matter exactly as they please. And what is the pleasure of two of the nations that count most in the League? France, for one, has laid plans for a larger army than ever. And by turning back to its statement of August 26th, Gov. Cox will see that the Department of the Navy points with pride to 1923 as the year when, on present construction schedules, our navy will surpass Great Britain's. The rest of the world follows suit. For Gov. Cox to assert that the League "provides" for disarmament when in fact "consideration" is the limit of its action, is imitation on his part of the tactics of trickery he complains of in his opponents. The disarmament clause of the League of Nations is a specimen of that fine verbal frontage over disagreeable facts which is the essence of the Treaty.

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THE country's railways are the country's nerves; their sickness is its paralysis. And so far, what do the candidates' contributions to the subject amount to? Senator Harding calls the Esch-Cummins law "a new charter of freedom" for labor—when all sections of labor unite in execration of it. Beyond this, and a general feeling of satisfaction, he is completely vague. Governor Cox is a shade less nebulous. He thinks of the railroads as in "an experimental stage," but does not indicate what part in the experiment he intends to play. He too is completely vague. Both candidates not only fail to meet this issue, they do not seem soon to realize its existence; they seem, indeed, blind to a problem that has already shaken the nation severely, and will shake it again. Here is a problem beside which most of the booming, empty slogans that compose this campaign seem trivial.

THE results of the census present Congress with both an opportunity and a temptation. The membership of the House must be changed. It is now 435. A reapportionment according to the present ratio would increase the number to nearly 490. Already our Congress is sufficiently unwieldy, and functions badly enough without the addition of fifty new members to join their oratory to the legislative babel. And great ingenuity would be necessary to devise places for them on new and useless committees. A reapportionment is indeed necessary, but the ratio should be revised downward. Any really public-spirited and self-conscious Congress would long ago have attended to its depopulation. Uncle Joe Cannon believes in a shrinkage; Champ Clark favors a reduction to 300. And even Senator Boies Penrose, whose career is founded on a deep respect for the mechanics of representative government as it exists today, goes so far as to admit that "there are a considerable number of members of Congress who seem superfluous."

THERE are two ways for manufacturers to deal with a stubborn public's refusal to buy at present high prices. One is to cut the prices. The other, which seems to be gaining popularity, is to shut down your factory and wait for better days. This method is now being used by New England textile companies on a considerable scale. Many mills at Lowell, Lawrence, Manchester, took advantage of Columbus Day to close their doors for two days; for several weeks New Bedford mills have been running on a four-day basis, while two cloth and two yarn mills there, employing some four thousand hands, will close for a week. The movement is not restricted to textiles: the Bullard Machine Tool Co. of Bridgeport will close for two weeks. Thousands of men and women will be thrown out of work. The 3,500 employees of the Lawrence Manufacturing Co. at Lowell, having risen to the occasion of a threatened shut-down by offering to accept a cut in wages, are told that there is no market for the company's goods at present high prices. Such shut-downs, in the light of a national economy, are purely selfish. Furthermore, at this time when production of essentials is vitally necessary, and must be continued if a vicious circle of inflation is to be broken, nothing can more quickly destroy confidence in the responsibility of capitalistic management, nor lay American industry open to deeper suspicion on the part of both public and employee, than such a wilful withdrawal of the power to produce.

ALONG with this general movement of shut-downs comes its familiar accompaniment of employers manoeuvring to regain strategic positions in regard to labor that were lost in the universal labor shortage of the last few years. Men are being laid off all around. Several of the large railroads operating from Chicago have considerably reduced their payroll. For the first time in many months employment agencies are beginning to report more men than jobs to be found for them. The U. S. Steel Corporation, which is doing its best to catch up on unfilled orders for over 10,000,000 tons, aims to cut its working force and maintain production all at once. Twenty-five hundred men have been laid off in steel mills at East Chicago, Gary and Indiana Harbor without reducing the output. This is called "deflation" of labor by steel officials, who point to gangs of twenty-five men doing the work that thirty used to do. There is a well-defined movement among New York clothing manufacturers to force a return to the piece-work system, and employers here and there are restless, aggressive; planning, threatening a return to the status quo; their ancient war cry is raised again—in Illinois, where the Manufacturers' Association is laying the foundation for a "compact open-shop campaign throughout the state."

IMMIGRATION to this country is now proceeding on a pre-war scale, promising to reach the total of over a million within the next year. In the past this flood of workmen, artisans, peasants from countries in every stage of civilization, from countries with well advanced labor organizations, as well as countries with no organization of labor at all, poured into American industries where trade union organization had been already achieved. The American Federation of Labor regarded them

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as a grave menace, and has been and still is strongly determined on restriction. But the war and the economic earthquakes in Europe since the war have given large numbers of these peasants a social consciousness, sometimes even very definite ideas of organization, which they lacked before. A few of the latest arrivals are reported to have ideas far in advance of fellow-countrymen who have been years in the United States. That the American Federation of Labor may find many of the new immigrants open to organization is likely. But the Federation may also have cause to object to some of them—future arrivals from Italy and Russia for instance—on the score of a "radicalism" just as "dangerous" to itself as the sheep-like docility and ignorance of the immigrants of former days.

NOT long ago the editor of the New York World declared: "The barrier of propaganda must be broken down. The competent, independent investigating reporter must come back to his own. This is vital." How much of the independent investigating reporter was there in a special cable featured on the first page of last Monday's World, under the headline, "Odessa Has 'Free Love' Weeks"? According to this dispatch: "Nationalization of women [in Odessa] is conducted systematically by young Jewish Commissaries. Each month, from May to August, certain weeks were fixed and officially proclaimed 'free love' weeks." Certainly the editors of the World must know the effect which the nationalization story has had upon American opinion of the whole Russian race. Certainly they must know, too, that earlier versions of the story have been denied by the British paper which first published them, and by various American observers. Ought the World, before publishing such a dispatch, have the word of an "independent investigating reporter"? Or can it afford to rely, as it does in the present instance, upon what some unnamed officer in General Wrangel's army tells some unnamed reporter—not of the World, but of the London Daily Telegraph?

THERE are only some 175 political prisoners still in jail, and since, as "felons," they cannot vote, Senator Harding is running no political risk to himself when he declares that "a general grant of amnesty to political prisoners is no more justified than a general grant of amnesty to yeggmen." This phrase takes its place as perhaps one of the few islands of unmistakable meaning in seas of ambiguity. It has a harsh ring too, it does not sound like "Uncle Warren"; it suggests a Senator Harding not at all incapable of bursts of hostility and passion. Argument with the Senator on a point made in this mood would be useless. The Senator goes on to declare that "the thief, or any ordinary criminal, is surely less a menace to those things we hold dear than the man or woman who conspires to destroy our American institutions." Does Senator Harding realize how many of these men are in jail for having upheld just those institutions that Thomas Jefferson and others wrote into the constitution as the cornerstone of our liberty, the rights of free speech and free belief?

League, Treaty and the Coming Realignment

EVERY one ought to secure the Atlantic Monthly for October in order to read Mr. Raymond Fosdick's article on The League as an Instrument of Liberalism. He will find there an argument which requires the most sympathetic consideration by those whose attitude on the settlement at Paris is roughly that represented in these pages.

Mr. Fosdick, until recently Under-Secretary of the League of Nations, begins by admitting the case against the settlement—against Shantung, the Saar, the Tyrol, German Bohemia, the Hungarian dismemberment, and the reparation clauses. Of these clauses he writes that they

> represent a deliberate attempt to strangle the industrial and economic life of Central Europe, reducing her to servitude for a generation. They leave *the hundred million people* of the beaten races, including Magyars and Bulgars, *with no real hope for the future except through revenge, and no inducement to become willing members of a new system of peace.*

If this is true of the settlement in Central Europe, and in our judgment it is true, there is at least a prima facie case of the first magnitude against the underwriting by America of this settlement. But the candor which induced Mr. Fosdick to indict the Central European settlement must lead him further. The Shantung clauses add several hundred million Chinese to the hundred million Central Europeans who have "no inducement to become willing members of a new system of peace." If you add to these the people of Russia who are equally the victims of the Paris conference and of its central idea, and then add the peoples of the Near East who are already in revolt—you must contemplate enormous populations all the way from the Rhine to the Pacific Ocean, from the Arctic to Arabia, who under the terms of the settlement see "no real hope for the future except through revenge."

These are the fundamental facts of the inter-

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national order created at Paris. Side by side with them the conference established a League of Nations with a Secretariat. The able and sincere men who conduct the Secretariat understand the fearful dangers of the settlement. Therefore the Secretariat "is pledged to the principle that the League shall not become merely the agency for enforcing the Treaty of Versailles; and in all the plans of the League and in the creation of the machinery through which it works, it has consciously endeavored *to cut loose from association with the mistakes and the politics of the Paris Conference.*" This will be news to those who have argued that the League would be able to revise the mistakes of the conference. The one American who knows about the working and the purposes of the League says plainly that the League will "cut loose." It will not take the responsibility for managing the Reparation Commission. It will not try the war criminals. It will not "employ its facilities in establishing title to conquered territory or in fixing new boundaries." And "it has evaded many another task in connection with the enforcement of the treaties which would have given it irrevocably the character of an alliance of victorious Powers."

The League, in short, or more precisely the Secretariat, refuses to become an accomplice to the settlement. At the same time it cannot resist the enforcement of the settlement. Where does this leave us? It leaves us with the treaties as the foundation of order in Europe and Asia, sanctioned by the signatures of the Powers, enforced by the Supreme Council or by individual nations, and alongside of them, but not vitally in contact with them, a Secretariat that has "cut loose" and is devoting itself to splendid humanitarian objects like the campaign against typhus, the repatriation of prisoners, the registration of treaties, the study of disarmament, etc., etc.

Mr. Fosdick's argument comes down finally to this: that America ought to participate in the Secretariat and the machinery for delaying war. We agree absolutely, heartily and sincerely. But as the Treaty was presented to the Senate there was no way of accomplishing this excellent object. The unreserved ratification of the Treaty meant not merely participation in the Secretariat and the consultative machinery of the League, but a legal and a moral underwriting of the settlement. For while it is possible for the experts on the Secretariat to "cut loose," it would not be possible for the American government to cut loose if it proposed to respect the sanctities of treaties. America could have helped the humanitarian work mightily, but if the words of a treaty are binding, she could not in honor have refrained from supporting the Powers who imagine they are to benefit by the execution of the Treaty.

The problem therefore was to find a way of disentangling America from the settlement while enabling her to participate in the League and its promise. What the New Republic proposed in May, 1919, was a reservation of this kind:

> The Senate understands Article Ten and other articles and terms of the Treaty to mean that the United States is in no wise committed, either as to its economic resources, its military forces, or its foreign policy to intervene in the territorial or economic arrangements of Europe or Africa. It leaves the execution of the Treaty to the European Powers concerned.

This would have enabled America to "cut loose" honorably, and devote herself to the constructive and humanitarian task of the League. But for reasons that are well known the practical choice resulting from the conflict between Senate and President was the Treaty as written or the Lodge reservations. These reservations did withdraw America from enforcement, though they contained much beside that was reactionary and aggressive.

But behind the Senate Republicans there was a profound popular instinct against the character of the peace. Without that the Republicans could never have made so deep an impression; but for it the Wilson Democrats would not have been inhibited and paralyzed. The settlement did not look like peace, like the end of a war to end war. And because it did not look like peace, the Republicans were able to give reality to their talk about entanglement and the Democrats were unable to make their claims for the League plausible.

After all the costs of the deadlock have been assessed, one fact emerges: Whatever the ultimate outcome Europe knows that the settlement of Versailles has no tangible support in America. If proof is wanted, look at the controversy between the President and Senator Spencer. Does any one doubt that at Paris the President really intended that in the last analysis America would support the new order with arms? There can be no doubt in any one's mind who knows the spirit of his addresses during the war and while he was touring Europe. But today the President is as eager to disavow the idea as any Republican. On this central point a popular judgment has been rendered, and it has been rendered honorably in advance of ratification, rather than furtively after it.

The result has been achieved by a cumbersome, costly debate, but the methods of democracy though cumbersome and costly are nevertheless educative. That is the ultimate justification of democracy, and a complete one. America will not participate in the enforcement of the treaties.

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America knows it, all the world knows it. If the President is defeated on Election Day the verdict will be sealed.

A new phase of the controversy will begin then, and with it will come a realignment of forces. The premise will be established beyond dispute that America has cut loose from the settlement at Paris. It ought to be possible then for all people who believe in the principle of continuing international conference and constructive international association to unite on a program, which makes clear the premise about the Treaty and then provides a means for participation by America. For our part we are quite prepared to accept Mr. Fosdick's judgment that a new conference today is impracticable. It will ultimately become necessary in our opinion just because the present treaties provide "no inducement" to millions of people "to become willing members of a new system of peace." But whatever the ultimate outcome, the immediate task will be to define the American relation to the existing settlement and the existing League. Under a new administration it ought to be possible for all the friends of peace to arrive at a definition.

Radio and Cable

CABLES and radios are technical devices, far removed from the interests of most people, and so there is little attention for the International Communications Conference now meeting in Washington. What sort of a Conference is it? Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and the United States, the five principal associated Powers, have sent delegates. One matter to be settled is the disposition of the cables surrendered by Germany under the Treaty of Versailles. But the Conference is also to draw a program. It is to decide what matters shall come before a second and more general conference, one in which all nations will be represented, to follow soon after the close of the present preliminary meeting.

What happens to the German cables is a question of first importance. There are two German lines from New York to Emden. There is a German line from Liberia to Brazil, and various German lines radiating from the Island of Yap to China and to other eastern countries. But German cables, however strategic their control, do not begin to exhaust the issues which might legitimately be brought before this Conference in Washington. They are only one small factor in the wide problem of international communication.

That problem is little understood by most Americans. So little, in fact, that the existence of any problem at all is still unrecognized. What have the cable and the radio to do with news? News may be unreliable; it may bristle with propaganda. Is that not the fault of the reporter who gathers it, or of the great proprietor who gives him instructions? Are not the radio and the cable only the mechanical instruments of transmission?

There are facts about these mechanical instruments which make the actual gathering and transmission of news an intricate problem. There is the fact, for instance, that Britain and British interests own or control about eighty per cent of all the cables in the world. As world politics are now ordered, that is a most substantial point. There is also the fact that great cities, and even whole countries, in many cases cannot communicate with one another without relaying their messages through a foreign capital, though that means a single message must sometimes cross an ocean twice. Again, there is the fact that certain news-gathering agencies are so closely linked with certain cable lines that they are able to sit like guardian angels over great sections of the earth's surface and rule what news the cables carry and what shall stay behind. Finally there is the fact that the "outsider," the news agent or the journal with a nonconformist message, must often face a barrier that is insuperable: either rates of telegraphic transmission are forbiddingly high; or every available means of such communication is effectively controlled by larger interests. Permanently, when peace brings an end to the censorship of war, there remains a censorship of news imposed by cost, delay, congestion and monopoly.

Only in the most perfunctory manner does this description sketch the intricate relationships, the vast mystery and the wide power involved in the control of radio and cable in the modern world. To the most unimportant citizen these are vital matters; and for not one unimportant citizen in ten thousand is there a hint of how the land lies. What candor may we expect of this Conference which now meets in Washington? Not often does so small a group of men possess so real a chance for public service. The Conference, if it had a mind to, could clear an important situation by putting all its facts upon the table in a frank report: a straightforward statement of the ownership and control of the whole machinery of telegraphic communication, with its official and unofficial relationship to each news agency, each syndicate and each governmental Foreign Office.

League or no League, the world's best chance of peace is an understanding by one people of the aims, the fears, the sympathies of another. Often such an understanding is impossible, not for any

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necessary and intrinsic reason, but because the truth is slow in coming. Rumor and propaganda have beaten it; a crisis comes; and in that crisis power belongs to those who can rapidly transmit that news which moulds the public's mind. Peace is a goal to which innumerable short cuts have been proposed. Shall we ever know its meaning until we have a more solid understanding between the nations than we have had before? The world needs, as badly as it needs anything, such a system of inexpensive and easily available communication as will permit all people, and not only statesmen and great journalists, to ask each other questions. Put that system under international control. Subsidize it, if necessary. There is no worthier effort to be made in the name of peace today.

Harding the Sentimentalist

THE action of Herbert Parsons in resigning from the New York Republican County Committee and in declaring his intention of voting for Cox is one of the few currents of clear, fresh and invigorating air which has penetrated the obscure and lifeless intellectual atmosphere of the present campaign. Here at any rate is one true and tried partisan whose allegiance to his personal convictions is more precious to him than his allegiance to his party and than his solicitude for his own political career. Mr. Parsons can have no illusions about the consequence of his behavior. He knows that the Republican candidate is almost certain to be elected. He knows that the desertion of his party during a Presidential campaign is the most heinous offense against party ethics which a political leader can commit. His fellow Republicans will never trust him again. A man of his past associations and present outlook cannot, if he would, make for himself a satisfactory place in the Democratic party. It means, probably, the end of his political career at least as long as the two major parties continue to monopolize the opportunities of American government. From a personal point of view Mr. Parsons had everything to lose and nothing to gain by his apostasy. Yet he not only repudiates Harding but he explains the reason for his repudiation with a cool disregard of the tender susceptibilities of thousands of pro-League Republicans. He exposes with uncompromising harshness the weakness of their position.

Never in American political history have the two parties fought a Presidential campaign at such a prodigious sacrifice of personal conviction. Mr. Parsons is one of the many thousands of Republicans who believe in American participation in the League of Nations subject to a drastic reservation on Article X. Yet the others have submitted without open or effective protests while the irreconcilables, who form a minority of the party leaders, have steadily pushed Harding into a position which is making it difficult for him subsequently to promote any effective form of international association. These Republicans are matched by many thousands of Democrats who are as irreconcilable as Senator Reed yet who remain silent when Cox commits them to "going in" without any but interpretive reservations. No less costly is the sacrifice of conviction which the two parties both demand of their progressive supporters. Progressive Democrats are obliged to overlook a backsliding in respect to its earlier liberal impulses on the part of their own administration rarely precedented in the long and crowded history of party treachery. Progressive Republicans submit tamely and complacently to the leadership of a candidate whose career and whose recent speeches prove him to be less of a progressive than Taft was in 1910. It is because so many leaders of both parties are talking and voting irrespective of their convictions that the campaign is confusing American public opinion rather than modifying and educating it.

In the letter which accompanies his resignation Mr. Parsons uses some caustic language about Senator Harding's mind and temperament. Harding, he says, "will never accomplish anything constructive. All his talk is mush." After having had the Treaty and League before him for a year "he does not know what should be done. He never will know. He is negative and sentimental." Harding's real policy "will be to do what he will be squeezed into doing by the opposing pressures of conflicting forces." "In politics the man who is unctuous in talk but a cipher in action—compromises only one way—the way of those who know what they want and are determined to have it." Damning as this description of Harding is, the whole of the Senator's behavior as a candidate verifies its truth. Republicans will never forgive Mr. Parsons because he has blurted out in public precisely what the more intelligent and candid of them are saying in private. The Republicans have vindicated their claim to have received a divine appointment to rule the American people by nominating for the leadership of the country at a critical moment in American history a middle western analogue to Louis XVI—an amiable house-holder without self-possession, personal conviction or hard-headed intelligence who will try to conceal the inevitable vacillation of his leadership behind a screen of well-intentioned but meaningless ver-

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biage. Thus the party whose journals and speakers have so often celebrated the superiority of deeds over words will elect to the Presidency the moral and intellectual anti-type of Lincoln—a "sentimentalist" with whom phrase-making is not only a substitute for clear and coherent thinking but a compensation for infirmity of character.

Senator Harding, the henchman of Foraker and the perfect example of machine spell-binding politician, furnishes one more illustration of the spiritual necessity in appealing to a democratic electorate of supplementing realism in politics with romantic sentimentality. The sentimentality provides the popular moral justification for the realism. The New Republic has sometimes characterized Senator Harding as a frank reactionary. He is a frank reactionary in the sense that he unmistakably and admittedly represents and wishes to revive the era of McKinley and Mark Hanna, but in another respect the characterization is misleading. His mind is not capable of being really candid about anything. Candor in the final analysis implies lucidity and coherence and Mr. Harding's mind instinctively shies away both from lucidity and coherence. He proposes participation by America in an association of nations, but without the slightest obligation to defer to the opinion or the needs of her associates. He proclaims his country to be the embodiment of the highest of international ideals, but he insists at the same time upon her right unscrupulously to pursue American national interests. He himself undoubtedly prefers and practices the good natured toleration of opposing opinion, no matter how radical, which was characteristic of pioneer Americanism. No doubt he sincerely dislikes the attempt to intimidate thought which so many Americans now consider essential to one hundred per cent patriotism. Yet when it comes to action he expressly approves the policy of imprisoning and depriving men and women whose only crime has been the expression and the holding of opinions which the majority considers dangerous. As President he would succumb to the super-patriots just as he now succumbs to the irreconcilables, because they would make the most noise and press him hardest. Like all thorough sentimentalists he wants it both ways. He will get it both ways by acting without principle under external pressure and compulsion and then either ignore the discrepancy between his words and his deeds or invoke some divine necessity to sanctify his behavior.

Perhaps the most repugnant instance of this sentimental equivocation was staged on the front porch at Marion on "Social Justice Day." If there is one principle in which Senator Harding profoundly believes, it is in the ability and the right of private business interests to determine public policy. He has repeatedly and emphatically proclaimed this principle as the controlling idea of his political creed. Instead of proposing, as do so many of the denominational social programs, to contrive new and effective methods of converting private business into a public service, Mr. Harding conceives business as necessarily an example of public service. It is for him the perfect type of human activity. "It is our duty," he said in his speech on "Social Justice Day," "as a whole people to see if we cannot make every job in the country a small business of its own." He considers the conversion of labor into small profit-seeking business as an indispensable condition of its ability to play "a dignified and essential part in our welfare." In his speeches about business he had repeatedly referred to the regulation of its activity through administrative agencies as pernicious "meddling." Yet this worship of private business does not prevent him from pretending to be interested in social justice and in a Department of Public Welfare which necessarily would meddle in the most exasperating way with private business. Thus he himself finally approves the principle of "paternalistic" social legislation which he has so frequently condemned but without making any attempt to reconcile the manifest contradiction between his attempt to slide over towards Roosevelt while still continuing to be the revivalist of the Hanna tradition in American politics. It is this intellectual insincerity which stamps him as the anti-type of Lincoln. Lincoln's steadiness of purpose was the child of his honesty of mind. Honesty of mind is precisely the quality in which, as the campaign has developed, Senator Harding has shown himself most flagrantly lacking.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1920, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

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Baseball on Trial

BASEBALL (the business) stands indicted. Baseball (the sport) has received a blow from which it will be a long time recovering. Eight ball players, men who were honored far above their station or deserts, by a thoughtless public, have been revealed as takers of bribes. The officials, to whose welfare the business and sport of "organized" baseball was entrusted, have been exposed as incompetent. The honest ball players, or the majority of them, stand before the public as mildly guilty of being accessories after the fact, in that all save a few knew or suspected that crookedness was going forward and failed to protect their own reputations, their business and the sport from the ones who were guilty.

The revelations made by the members of the Chicago White Sox team in their confessions before the Chicago Grand Jury shocked the entire nation and, worse, wrecked the faith of millions of boys. The most severe blow to the sport was not that these skilful athletes sold their loyal supporters, and accepted bribes from gamblers, but that baseball *can* be made crooked without detection by outsiders. It has been the favorite defense of officials, club owners, umpires and players in every case in which collusion between players and gamblers has been alleged that the game could not be played dishonestly for any length of time without detection. It was this theory that enabled the dishonest players and the gamblers to reap their harvest. They proved that the game can be and has been successfully manipulated, provided the honest players on the teams do not "squeal." They proved that the theory that outsiders can detect signs of crooked work is erroneous.

In the series of games played for the World's Championship in 1919 a number of the White Sox players agreed to lose games. Information that all was not well with the series was furnished to me prior to the opening game. I confided my information to Christy Mathewson, one of the most famous and most honest of players and managers and the man who, while manager of the Cincinnati club, exposed and dismissed Chase on charges of crookedness. Neither of us believed the reports

et we watched every game and every play,
he eight games we marked as "suspicious"
n plays. Any one of those plays could be
on the theory that the mistakes were hon-
, as well as on the theory of dishonesty.
he outsider cannot tell to a certainty.
layer on any team, however, will know within a short time, whether or not his fellows are "trying" to win. The hope of the future, therefore, lies in securing players of character to disregard the code of the underworld which has ruled the game. The ethics of criminals, especially gamblers, forbid informing upon the guilty and, so long as the ball players who are personally honest persist in adopting this code, it will not be difficult for those players who are willing to sell themselves to find buyers.

This corrupting and attempting to corrupt ball players commenced more than twelve years ago. Prior to that time there were veiled charges that certain managers and owners had attempted to influence players on opposing teams to keep out of important series or to "go easy," which means to permit their teams to win. With the general closing of horse racing and its attendant gambling in many parts of the country that element of crooks who had lived upon the large class designated as "suckers" turned to baseball. Until that time they were not familiar with the sport excepting those who preyed upon Boston and Pittsburgh, which, being non-horseracing towns, found their interest in baseball. The common delusion that baseball could not be successfully "fixed" also acted to restrain them from turning their activities to the national sport. Somewhat to their surprise the gamblers who were driven out of their business of making books on horse races, because they were unable to get direct telegraphic news, found that baseball was an even more lucrative field and that it was a much better "sure thing" than horseracing as a gambling proposition.

The result was that in Chicago, New York, St. Louis and other cities of the National and American league, pool selling and wagering on baseball became a huge gambling system, handling more money in small wagers even than the famous policy rings once handled.

Immediately there were whispers of crookedness, especially at times when the baseball interest of the country was centered upon the World's Series games. The big professional gamblers became almost as much a part of the World's Series as were the players. The result was not hard to predict. In one World's Series a manager was secretely accused of making a change of pitchers at the command of gamblers. In another series there were ugly rumors concerning the conduct of a famous player who shortly afterward retired. In another series the scandal almost reached the point of an

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explosion, and the rumors concerning it have persisted ever since.

It remained for Hal Chase, perhaps the greatest of all first basemen, to bring the conditions near a climax. His manager, Christy Mathewson, charged that he was losing ball games purposely by means of deserting his post at first base, making brilliant stops and tossing the ball over first base so quickly that the pitcher could not reach the base in time to catch the ball. In each case the pitcher was criticized and Chase praised. Ultimately he approached other members of the team with offers of money to aid him, and Mathewson learning of it, immediately suspended him.

Chase's case was given a hearing, affidavits were produced to prove his connection with the case, but as usual, the players who were in possession of facts evaded giving testimony. Chase was cleared of the charge and promoted from the Cincinnati to the New York team.

The Chase case gave many players the idea that they could play dishonestly and not be discovered, or if discovered or suspected, would be cleared. They believed the club owners feared publicity so much that they would be safe. The club owners have always adhered to the policy of secrecy and have whitewashed every scandal and charge of crooked work on the grounds that it was "for the good of the game." Their policy encouraged the crooked ball players and tempted the weak ones who until then had remained honest.

During the season of 1919 gamblers openly boasted that they or others controlled ball players on a number of clubs. The former racetrack gamblers, who dislike baseball save as a means of mulcting the public, sneeringly asserted that the game was more crooked than horseracing ever was.

Through it all the officials in charge of baseball adhered to their policy of curing an evil by declaring it did not exist and by using their influence over consciously or unconsciously subsidized sporting writers to suppress the accusations and punish those who demanded an investigation. There was one man who gave more thought to the sport than to the money. He was Charles A. Comiskey, who as ball player, captain, manager and owner, amassed a fortune in the game. His players were accused. He stood to lose more than all the others. Yet he insisted upon proving or disproving the charges against his men. Hoping they would be disproved he proved them, and when the proof was furnished he expelled players worth a quarter of a million dollars to him from his club, and forced their indictment for conspiracy.

Baseball in the hands of men like Comiskey is safe and clean. But, since the sport became the second largest amusement enterprise in America it has attracted investors who are liable to forget the sport and remember the box office. Baseball hardly can be purged of crookedness while, among those who own clubs are men who are themselves gamblers and interested in gambling businesses.

HUGH S. FULLERTON.

Another Japanese Problem

"JUST a small present, Doctor. If you will accept, I shall be very much honored." Hochiai bowed deeply, and laid a parcel on the desk beside me. That is the embarrassing thing about your Japanese patients. They are always giving you presents which often they can't really afford, and in so genuine a spirit that you can't very well refuse them.

"Thank you, Hochiai," I said, drawing from the wrapping what seemed at first a faded bit of silk, confusingly figured. I turned it over. What an exquisite old painting, representing some very high noble of the old time, walking among the zigzag branched trees of his domain and casting a bold, privileged eye upon a maid or wife of low degree, demure, and consciously unconscious. On a tiny hillock in the background stood a man of low degree, turned away, the lines of his back and shoulders unconsciously revealing intense consciousness. But time, in mellowing the colors of the painting had softened the brutality of the original conception, leaving only a sunlit dream of Old Japan.

"Hochiai," I said, "you mustn't give me anything like this. It must have cost a great deal. It is certainly valuable."

"No, no, it is nothing. It costs nothing. Always it has been in my family. I beg of you, do me the honor to accept it. You are kind friend to me and mine."

That made me wince a bit. I am an officer in the local Japanese Exclusion League, and as active in the cause as my professional duties permit. Of course there is no real contradiction between friendliness to the Japanese as individuals and antagonism to them as a race. Any Californian will understand that. Even some of the Japanese understand it, though it certainly takes broadmindedness on their part. Who could help liking Hochiai, for example? His manners are ex
and if you try to draw him out in conve
you will find that he has as good a mine
are likely to meet. His English is goo
for a rather uncertain accent. He is v
cheerful, tactful, deft fingered, and
strongly you may feel on the race qu

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thank Heaven that a man like Hochiai is at hand in these days of dear and unreliable help. If you need your lawn clipped or your bushes trimmed, your house cleaned up or a dinner cooked for an unexpected guest, you ring him up, and behold, he is there as if he had ridden in on the wings of the light. His wife, three years ago a "picture bride," is one of the very few who really look the part. Tiny and fairy-footed, with only the least trace of the almond cast in her big, fathomless eyes, with dusk red cheeks and rose red lips—why, she belongs back in the golden age. And the babies, of whom, since last Thursday, there are three, seem like baby quails in a nest, already possessed of all the arts of effacing every part of themselves except their bright eyes. I'm against the Japanese, but I'm for the Hochiai family, and that is the way the whole town feels about it.

But I was wrestling with the problem of the antique painting. The fact was I wanted badly to keep it. To be sure I didn't know what I would do with it. It would not look right in my office, among my excellent anatomical drawings, made in Germany before the war, and at home—well, my wife believes that even antique painting ought to reflect sound morals. Still, the thing was so exquisitely beautiful.

"I will accept it provisionally, Hochiai. But I will send it to a friend in San Francisco who understands such things, and if it is too valuable for you to give away, I will sell it for you."

"No, no!" said Hochiai. "I could never sell it. It is very old in the family. I could only give it to a friend, and you are my best friend. See, you are the only man to whom I can say what is in my heart."

"What is in your heart now, Hochiai?"

"It is about my family I would like to talk to you," said Hochiai, looking steadily out of the window. "It is a very sweet family—to me of course —" and he turned a brief flash of a smile upon me. "The little ones, we love them so dearly, my wife and I. But there is a problem." Hochiai hesitated. "You see, we have been married not quite three years. There are now three children. My wife is twenty."

"I understand," I said, seeing that Hochiai had reached an impasse. "The probabilities are that you will have a very large family. Well, if the boys are going to be like you and the girls like Mrs. Hochiai, there can't be too many of them. Whatever they are going to be like when they grow up, I've never seen sweeter babies than they are now."

"Thank you, Doctor," Hochiai bowed, smiling. Then he gazed out of the window again. "American people also have sweet babies. But not three in three years. And not, perhaps, eighteen or twenty. American people have knowledge. Where do they get knowledge? From their doctors, I think."

"That may be, Hochiai, but doctors differ. Most, but not all, feel bound by the ethics of the profession and by the law. So it is with me. When people fall ill, I try to get them well. When they will listen to me, I tell them how to take care of their health. That is as far as I can go. I am a servant of nature, not her enemy."

"Yes, yes, we Japanese, we also respect nature. And we obey the law, but why is there one law for us Japanese, another for American people? Does nature say Japanese must have eight, ten, fifteen children, Americans one, two, three? Do Americans say Japanese must have many children? No. In your waiting room I saw a pamphlet. It is by your State Board of Control. It says there are twenty-eight babies to one hundred Japanese wives, and nine to one hundred American. And, therefore, it says, we Japanese are a great problem. And you think we are a great problem, Doctor, for that reason."

"I do think you are a great problem, Hochiai, and largely for that reason," I admitted, "I like you and every Japanese I know. I have great respect for the Japanese, as individuals and as a nation. But I don't want you to take our California away from us. And with your superior fertility you would do it, if there were many of you here."

"Yes, Doctor, if we have many children and you have few. But is that by nature or by law? Is it by nature American people may have knowledge and Japanese people not?"

"Of course it isn't by nature. But nobody ought to have what you call knowledge, neither Japanese nor Americans. You cannot interfere with nature, without paying the penalty. Look at the old nations that perished, like Greece and Rome. Look at the problem of France."

"Those are great peoples," said Hochiai, rising. "They could choose to live or die; they chose badly. For the Japanese, that is not the danger. They love their babies too well. If I could have many, many children, I would be happy. But I am a poor Japanese. My children will grow up in a hostile country. I cannot take them back to Japan. They would be more of strangers in Japan than in America. They can be happy, yes, but only if they are well trained. A Japanese in America is more in need of health and education even than Americans. I must earn money for them. I can earn money for three, five, perhaps, but for ten, fifteen, no. It is for my children, not for me, I need knowledge."

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"Hochiai," I said, "I understand your position exactly. I sympathize with you and honor you for your concern over your children's welfare. But there are always cases in which the general good conflicts with the good of individuals or even whole families. Then the general good must take precedence."

"It may be so, Doctor," said Hochiai in a conciliatory tone. "I thank you deeply for your kind advice, but I do not understand. It is a great problem to me." He backed out of my office, smiling and bowing.

My position was ethically impregnable, as well as lawful. I know that. And yet I feel perplexed. That is a delightful little nest Hochiai maintains, down by the great redwood, in a stuccoed bungalow overgrown with blooming geraniums. Yet it is a very little nest where too many fledglings would be cramped for light and air. Nature is wise, but did she foresee everything? But that is for the theologians and philosophers to decide. As for me, I'm going to keep on the solid ground of the law and professional ethics. I am puzzled, though.

HUGH MCLEOD, M. D.

Lloyd George: A Forecast

OUR English politics may be confusing, but about one thing we are pretty well agreed. Whenever the newspapers announce an *indubitable crisis, whether foreign or domestic,* which might furnish our dexterous Prime Minister with a favorable chance of appealing to the people, a thrill of expectation runs down the general spine. If Ireland plunges daily into an increasing chaos of murders, reprisals and military repression, then an anti-Irish cry, some say, will serve him well in a campaign for the restoration of government and order. If Labor embarks at last on "direct action," he will spring to the defence of the ark of constitutional government (nobly assisted by Sir Edward Carson). A prolonged experience of Mr. George has now produced a substantial measure of agreement about him among all politicians. He is regarded as a prince among tacticians, the unrivalled opportunist. All this would not take him to victory without some other qualities. But he is also the only one of our statesmen capable of raising steam, the only one who can make a successful appeal to the public imagination; you may name the others one by one throughout the list—Asquith, Balfour, Churchill, Birkenhead and Law; to the man in the street, and especially to the female man in the street, they simply do not count. Mr. George alone has a European reputation even if it is a bad one, and for the vast majority of his fellow countrymen it is quite good.

Now, Mr. George intends to renew his lease of power on the first favorable occasion. He long ago decided how to fashion his instrument. It was to be a union of the two great bourgeois parties. For the time that project failed owing to the opposition in the Liberal ranks; all the more, therefore, must he find a ground for a strong popular appeal, and it is doing him no injustice, although he would vehemently repudiate the charge, to say that he has both eyes open for the prospect of a lively "stunt" election. In such an election, despite the lofty program that he will formulate, all the forces of passion and of prejudice will be let loose as they were in 1918, only much more so. The signs are that before long Mr. George may get his chance through the incaution of some of his opponents and the timidity of others.

If it so happens, it will be the extremists of Labor who will furnish him with the war-cry and the flag and provide him with a victory. Oh, these extremists! Such episodes as the proffered subsidy of £75,000 to the Daily Herald are a perfect godsend to the Premier. A general election might be won on one such episode alone and very likely would be if the test came now. When Mr. George the other day dismissed M. Kameneff, for that is what it amounted to, and broke off all political negotiations with Russia, the immediate question which sprang to every mind was—what is the hidden motive at the bottom of this rupture? No one could really suppose that Mr. George has decided to torpedo his own plan for peace with Russia. In spite of all detours and deviations he wants peace and intends to have it. No inclination to patch up things with France would lead him to break definitely with Russia; the breach between him and France goes too deep for that. If we have not peace with Russia we must and do expect increasing complications for ourselves throughout all the Middle East, where the Bolsheviks are very naturally doing their utmost from Baku, northern Persia and central Asia to stir up insurrections against British power. Stupidity would be no sufficient name for a policy which, by opening up trade with Russia, strengthened the Bolsheviks in their campaign against us in the Middle East.

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No, Mr. George intends that peace with Russia shall still come and political negotiations, we may venture to predict, will shortly be resumed. The dramatic gesture against M. Kameneff and Moscow will have served its turn. It was addressed not so much to France as to the British elector. When the electoral campaign opens we shall hear often and late of a foreign Power (and such a Power!) and a foreign envoy seeking to subsidize and subvert a British newspaper for the purpose of producing a bloody revolution in our country. That is where Mr. George has the big stick in his hands and nothing now can take it from him. For after all, whatever modifications Lenin and his gentle friends may have made in the application of their Communist theory, they stand without mitigation and compromise by their belief that civil war, revolution by force of arms, the suppression of the middle class by violence, is the one and only road in any and every country to the dictatorship of the proletariat. Mrs. Philip Snowden, one of the latest British investigators in Russia and perhaps the most fair minded that has been there, insists on this. Now to speak frankly, this idea does not appeal at all to most people in this country, nor do we think it tolerable that the Bolsheviks should subsidize a British newspaper for so unpleasant an end, nor that a British newspaper, backed by respectable trade unions, should have been trafficking with the idea of subsidy.

But it is said, it is after all only the "extremists" who are mixed up in this Daily Herald business. That will be a pretty story indeed for Mr. George when he plunges into the dust and heat of a general election! Why, even in 1918, with no fireworks of this order to explode, he did his best to show that the Labor people as a whole were no better than Bolsheviks. The extremists are but the tail, his opponents will say, and can the tail wag the dog? "Why," Mr. George will retort, "no doubt there are sober trade unions and sober Labor leaders, nice douce men who would scarcely use violence to a fly, but that did not prevent a director of their chief paper from raising a Bolshevist subsidy and its editor from desiring to accept it, and if it comes to that, these nice douce men themselves have formed a Council of Action which might easily have become, and in the normal course would have become, a revolutionary government overnight. And is not the whole history of Russia since the Bolshevik revolution simply the story come to life of the tail wagging the dog? Is that the sort of government that you desire in this country?"

Even without the Daily Herald and its Moscow friends Mr. George has a strong case and a sporting chance. The menace of "direct action" for political purposes has come much nearer, has grown into a more familiar idea during recent months, and direct action on a great scale, whether it takes the form of a general strike or of a strike in one of the vital industries, cannot be carried through without earthquakes. We came nearest to it over Poland and of all the questions on which direct action has been threatened, that was the one which would have gained the largest measure of general approval. Nevertheless, the project was obviously revolutionary; it meant the subversion of Government, Parliament and the Constitution, the end of a system and the substitution for it of something very different, though no one could say what. We might yet be faced with a similar struggle over Ireland and once again the immediate cause would be good, but the method and the principle vicious, and the outcome fraught with incalculable chances of disaster. At any moment we may come to the struggle over some question of economics, just as during the last few weeks the miners have claimed the right to settle the price of the raw product of their industry over the heads of Government and Parliament, with whom the right of control constitutionally rests, and without reference to the body of the people, with whom lies the ultimate responsibility.

Now this question of direct action to supplant Parliament and through it the sovereign power *is* unquestionably an issue for the people. It marks a parting of the ways, and Mr. George or any other Premier would be well within his rights, indeed it might be said to be his duty, to come to the people and ask them plainly whether they desire to continue the old system of government or to accept the new revolutionary doctrine. If Mr. George made his appeal on such a platform, he would enlist on his side most formidable forces—all the conservative elements, all the moderate and orderly men in the world of labor (and they are very numerous in such unions as the textile organizations and many others besides) all those who care for the approved constitutionalist methods, in a word, not only those who believe in him personally, but masses of men who have little or no belief in him but a great deal in the ordered progress of their country. Labor itself is partly to blame for Mr. George's strong position. The leaders have not dealt sufficiently firmly with the extremists. Certainly they have not done so in the Daily Herald affair. It is simply nonsense to talk about the Moscow offer exhibiting the solidarity of international labor. Much solidarity there would be if Lenin and Trotsky could come to grips with Mr. Clynes and all the other petits bourgeois of the moderate

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Labor movement. Nine out of ten of them would be promptly stood against a wall. There is no possible compromise between fanatics who will only wade to progress through the blood of civil war, and parliamentarians who stand by the accepted instruments of constitutional progress. If the Labor moderates try to compromise they will deserve to suffer and it will not really be at the hands of Mr. George that they will suffer. He will be the instrument, but the real agent will be the "black masses"—not only the middle classes but the rank and file of moderate Labor, the working men and women who settle the fate of elections in this country. Labor is always protesting against the results of general elections; it never seems to see that itself and no other power is responsible for the results.

Some reference has been made to Ireland. A staunch Unionist who is also a bitter anti-Irishman, expressed to me the other day the belief (and hope) that Ireland would make a good election cry for Messrs. George, Churchill and Birkenhead. As yet there is no certainty of this. There is no great excitement here over Ireland. I am dealing with what is, not with what ought to be. I believe it to be true to say that the British people are sick to death of Ireland and its problems. They would give Dominion Home Rule without a murmur, except perhaps for one single qualification. I do not know how much capital could be made on an election platform out of the Volunteer murders. Perhaps, considering the terrible record of reprisals on the other side, it would not be much, but if it were proposed to include in Dominion Home Rule the grant to Ireland of power over her own military and naval forces, there would be trouble. The Englishman, slow and conservative as he may be, is intensely sensitive about one thing—the sea. If it were to be put to him that he could only have peace in Ireland at the cost of giving the Sinn Feiners the power to cut him off from the open seas with mines and submarines and aeroplanes, then indeed I fancy that the Irish issue would be a telling one in any electoral campaign. For the immediate future the "revolutionary aims of Labor" will furnish the Prime Minister with his material, and his lieutenants, Mr. Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, will see that with such material the furnaces are ten times heated. In such a situation, and with such associates as its own wild men in England and Russia, Labor may easily play into his hands. Lately it has been doing so, and that is why our political correspondents are so busy with their guessing games about a general election.

AN ENGLISH LIBERAL.

A Sinn Fein Court

"A PENN'ORTH of sweets!" We suspended our talk of Sinn Fein while Mr. W., the newsdealer, went to serve his youngest customer. The child held up his penny and Mr. W. held down the sweets. Then the little sybarite left the shop attended by four hushed courtiers.

It was my first visit to Mr. W. and I thought him a very subdued exponent of Sinn Fein. He was thin and worn, a seamed and grizzled man whose appearance had absorbed something of his stooped and ill-lit establishment. He had a patiently sorrowful expression and he spoke to me in a low, softly droning tone. It was not till afterwards that I realized he was constrained with me. When I got a little of his confidence he lighted up, like rocky Connacht turned to silver in the sun.

He had been in prison in 1916. He was, in the eyes of Empire, a dread conspirator. They had ferreted him out of this small place and taken him away to a prison in England, where, instead of dispensing newspapers and sweets and ink and copybooks, he met hundreds of Sinn Fein believers from all over Ireland, and mingled with them and shared their views. Then he was released, in broken health, and untried. He was free except for an occasional raid by the police that mingled his ink and his sweets and his copybooks and his newspapers into a reproachful disorder on the floor.

"Since 1916," he said, "my old father is gone. Now there is nobody at all to look after the place. The business would be ruined if I was to be left a week."

A policeman came in to buy a sporting paper. Mr. W. served him with perfect civility. The policeman went out with his nose in the news.

"Tomorrow evening we hold the court," Mr. W. continued, "but 'tis only petty sessions. I wish you could attend the more important court."

The young doctor, well-conditioned, came in, like the child, for his sweets. He wanted popular magazines. He took three of them, Royal and Pearson's and another, and paid two and ninepence down.

"It's likely that events here will be following the same course as was taken by Austria and Hungaria," so Mr. W. went on surmising.

A young man entered, quick of step and sharp of glance. Introduced to me, his eyes said, "Who are you?" He was courteous, but not responsive. Why? Well, he was another graduate of the Imperial University. He had already been in eighteen different prisons.

"But what I came for, Peter," he said after his

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answers to me, "is to tell you we are off to bring that man home from the woods. Will you have the order for the workhouse ready?"

A few minutes later, having said good-bye to Mr. W. till the morrow, we passed four marching Volunteers. They were off to the woods to rescue the outcast who, exiled by his family, had for several years been living afoot like a hunted thing, half naked and famished and afraid.

. . . . . .

The Court was just opening when we arrived. No policeman was in sight as we went by the empty old "English" court house to come to this new Irish court house, which had a crowd around the entrance.

The Court was upstairs, in a light and well-proportioned room. It had been decorated for a show. Paper garlands in gay tints and paper lanterns still hung from the ceiling, and squares of colored paper lined the walls. In the recesses of the high stage, before a mawkish pastoral backdrop, sat the magistrates of the day, Mr. W. and three youths "of the Fifth Class."

Directly in front of the stage the space was empty. Before the floor sloped up into tiers of seats, however, there were a few long benches parallel to the stage, and one bench at right angles, under the deep-set windows.

We took our places with the spectators. The conspicuous benches were for litigants, and confident youngsters, and as we discovered, Volunteers.

Already sixty or seventy spectators had arrived. They were young men and old, shawled women, grannies and boys. The men were artisans, laborers, publicans, farmers, shopkeepers. The young fellows came with their hair freshly wetted and brushed, evidently after their day's work and straight from tea. A late arrival was a curate, who took his place in our row. Perhaps the curate and certainly many of the spectators were members of the Irish Republican Army, which they all call "the Volunteers."

There were no insignia anywhere, only the festoons and gay paper decorations of the recent show. The Court was bent over the two small tables, making notes and comparing them, while the public patiently waited. The first sign of activity was a youth leaving the stage and coming to a group back of me, saying with a nice smile, "Go get Mrs. S."

Mrs. S. did not appear. Then Mr. W., from the sepulchral stage, made quiet observation. "Mrs. S. is not here. Her case is adjourned. The next case is John A., claimant, and William O., defendant."

Two men in working clothes walked forward, one from the bench by the window, one from the benches in the middle. They stood in the open space, their backs turned to us. The stage was chest-high with them, and they told their story more or less at the magistrates' feet.

As A., the claimant, spoke too low to be heard through the room, I began to muse on the absence of formalities—no oaths, no constables, no counsel, no court attendants. But suddenly the defendant, a small farmer, as tough and gnarled as a thorn-tree, gave tongue: "A lie! A lie! Why can't you speak the truth?" He glared at the claimant, a pallid shopkeeper with a thin neck and a mop of black hair.

"Are any Volunteers here?" Mr. W. inquired in a slightly raised voice.

One man behind me nudged another. They lifted their chins, stood up and went forward in unison with resounding feet. One was a rosy-cheeked boy with burnished hair, tall and slim, the other an older man with quizzical nose. They said nothing, but stood on the edge of the litigants.

The defendant was not quelled. He bristled all over, his head darting from one side to another and his voice bubbling with indignation.

"Sit down, wait your turn," he was told. The Volunteers came together, between him and the stage. He went reluctantly to his bench, like flaming alcohol retreating.

"Have you the receipt?" the pallid claimant was asked. He fished it out.

"Now," Mr. W. beckoned to the defendant, "what have you to say?"

"It was an accident, your honor! I had five men minding the fourteen cattle, and could I help their getting in on the towpath? Five men, whatever he may say. . . ."

"Is that all you have to say?"

"It is."

"The decision in this case," after a few minutes' margin, "is that you have to pay nineteen and six for the new window, and a shilling costs."

The farmer in his weathered green coat went forward once again to the stage, glaring at Justice in the mild form of Mr. W. He planked down his twenty shillings and sixpence and then pushed his way from the court-room with snapping eyes and pursed lips. . . . Half an hour later he returned, more mellow, and took his seat to enjoy the other fellows' pangs.

A village quarrel came next. The complainant, a small white-faced woman in a black shawl, drew out and held up to public gaze the evidence of her suffering—a tress of hair that had been dragged from her head. From that instant she had won her case, but the defendant, a grim old veteran with a

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loud rallying voice, was bent on proving herself unconquerable. "We're in this place for seven generations, the Mac's and the O's and all their ancestors before them. Would I be giving in to the likes of you."

"In this case, Mrs. B., you have to pay two and sixpence. . . ."

"Aw, more power to your honor! Up the Sinn Feiners!"

"And you are bound over to the peace for six months."

"Aw, don't bind me over, Peter!"

"And if you don't behave yourself we'll have to hand you over to the Volunteers. . . ."

"Fine boys they are," beaming on the Volunteer next to her.

"And you must take the pledge."

"I'll do that, in any case."

"When will you take the pledge, Mrs. B.?"

"The day after tomorrow, your honor!"

"Do you give me your word you'll take it?"

"'Deed and I do. I'll take it from Father D. on Friday."

The little white-faced woman interrupted, "I'm afraid to go home tonight."

The veteran stopped to look her over, from head to heel. "You're not worth killing," she said, and walked out.

The old lady's son, a seal-headed man with a weeping mustache, was fined in turn, and admonished that "a man's house is his castle." A good British axiom, handed out soberly by Mr. W.

"Up, Sinn Fein!" squeaked the complainant, as she and her faithful witness cleared out. She had a victor's smile shining through her fear.

The youngsters in the Court had become relaxed during this proceeding, but the chief volunteer in evidence came back to them. "Is it in a ball-alley you think you are?" The great gravity of the Court was renewed.

Another case of disorder, but a much more serious one, was next entertained. Three young men, it appeared, had come to a publican's late on the night of the circus. They tried his back-door to get in for more drink. It was locked. His side-door was locked also, but they forced it, and came to an inner door. This the big publican opened, rushing out to see what was the trouble, followed by an elderly friend who had been talking to him in the kitchen. The moment the publican appeared he was struck down, "with a bottle I think," and lay "killed in the channel." At the sight of her father "killed" his daughter rushed up the street, met some young Volunteers, sent them to the rescue and as reward had everyone, including her resurrected father, arrested for disorderly conduct. As to the disorder, indeed, everyone was agreed.

The Volunteers in this case had their own troubles. The publican, a big man with a wailing tenor voice, was unwilling to bring charges against his assailants. But he could not understand why his account of what happened was held to be beside the point, especially when his forehead was split open. The Volunteers, on the other hand, could only assert "disorderly conduct" and stir the six defendants into a fury of explanation. They were a very young section of the Volunteers.

Out of the explanations, however, one heard the word "axe." The Volunteer in charge of the case let it be known that some one had done something with an axe.

This word provoked extraordinary passion in one of the defendants.

He was a man of thirty or so, wearing canvas trousers like a miller's, and every movement alive with the compressed energy of his body. His head was like John Masefield's, with close-clipped hair, but in front a lock like a comb, and a touch of blood in the cheeks, and a rounded startled eye. Standing with shoulders swung ready, his nose sniffed the battle. I expected he would at any moment spring on the Volunteer giving evidence.

He surged forward steadily toward the man who was testifying, the two attendant Volunteers carried with him like rushes against the breast of a swimmer. "He lifted the axe to me? You know no man ever lifted an axe to me. If he did that, I'd cut the head off him." The two Volunteers bore against him lightly, and back he yielded for a moment, even turning and putting his elbows on the ledge of the window, to loop his mind on some distant object and leash his fighting sinews.

No game-cock was ever more superb. At a word he disagreed with, he'd whip round and shoot out denial. When he agreed, "we admit that. That no one denies." But the Volunteers, with fine aplomb, kept this fury from exploding. They had him in the net and slowly, very slowly, they were drawing him in. It was young law, law that depended on this tinker, "tameless and swift and proud," no less than on the older and more docile. And not one of the young men on the stage of justice, or one of the agents of the Competent Military Authority (the Sinn Fein commandant, that is), strained the new dispensation too eagerly. The Volunteers held their ground with insistence, but they gave play to this fiery human nature—which is their own nature, but disciplined and responsible and dignified, the nature that has made these Irish courts.

"It was the wildest night we ever had in the Court, and they are the young boys altogether," the

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driver said to me afterwards, "it's a pity you didn't see the older men into it."

"But everyone was there?"

"Oh, not one third. It was a small Court to-night, sir."

"But more than when English law was in the country?"

"Oh, indeed so, sir. Sure this is the people's own law."

F. H.

Farmer-Labor: The Time

I WENT to see the Republican Convention in Chicago. In Chicago I had once been for quite some time a member of a Republican ward club.

Some newspapers said that the boss of that ward was boss in defiance of the will of an indignant electorate, writhing under his despotic rule. I knew that he was boss because a majority of the Republicans attending the wide-open, perfectly free and fair, annual meeting of the Republican ward club always cheerfully and enthusiastically voted for him.

I maintained then, and I maintain now, that the Republican politicians are perfectly humanly representative of their party, and the Democratic politicians of theirs. I fell to much writing at them, and presently I felt that I had certainly proved to them at least one thing. I had proved to them that the owners of property in industry must broadly and generously and actively recognize and encourage the organizations of those whose employment on that property as wage-earners is their access to the earth—their livelihood—their life. I had proved this thing to them as a nice and broad and generous and kindly idea, indicating and promoting a sense of fellowship and a habit of co-operative good will on the earth.

Then with their own eyes they had seen much woe on the earth—a great war ending in a violent and vile outburst of national greeds and of personal greeds, of perfidious annexings and of unprecedented profiteerings—all accompanied and illustrated by a rapid decline in working enthusiasm among those whose access to the earth is through their employment on the property of the class of people who do the annexings and profiteerings.

Thus the situation developed which Lenin had once described to Raymond Robins in language which Robins repeated to me on his return from Russia. I cannot reproduce that language, but I can never forget its general purport. Lenin in effect said:

Modern capitalism came into existence out of a society in which the mass of human beings had certain qualities of workmanship and certain qualities of frugality drawn out of an economic system which to a certain degree turned their minds toward production—production—as the end and aim of industry. Then came an economic system giving a new wide stress to profits.

For a while the new class of masters in the new society went on exhibiting a large measure of the working virtues of their origin. They were intensely personally interested in production and they lived at no great distance from their men and with no great defiance of thrift. But soon—and more and more—they were turned away from problems of production to problems of marketing and manipulating and speculating and quick and large profiting. And with quick and large profiting came quick and large spending, far removed from the old scenes of master and journeyman jointly occupied in workmanship.

Luxury spread through the top of the new order. Extravagant and irresponsible living penetrated its new masters. Yet the order itself could stand. But what is the day of its downfall? The day of its downfall is when the new corruption spreads downward through the whole of the new society and when the wage-earners, looking at profiteering and profuse spending in the circles above them, become themselves profiteers and spendthrifts. On that day the new society, with its foundations gone, quivers and cracks and collapses.

Thus Lenin, in effect, analyzed and prophesied in 1918; and the ambition of the Allied and Associated world seems ever since to have been to verify him—much to my discomfort. I am not among those robust spirits who curse their fate if they are not born into an age crowded with collapsings and downfalls. No age could be too tame for me. But if an age insists on looking like an earthquake, I can at least summon up enough courage to say that it does not look as if its need was to have the lawn watered.

The Republican convention was of another mind. It said that the lawn did not even need much watering; and it nominated for the Presidency of the United States at this time a man destined to express the fear that he might be regarded as an "extremist" when committing himself to his one great innovating commitment—a federal "Department of Public Welfare."

I looked at my old friends in the convention. For twenty years they had enjoyed not only the inestimable right of reading my articles but also the unavoidable necessity of listening to my conversation. I looked at them and I saw them virtually to a man falling in behind Mr. Harding.

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And I saw that, in fact, they were quite right. It was I who had been wrong. I had been wrong in thinking that a great governing political party, with its roots deep down through all the strata of an existing order, can ever be argued into the psychology of a new order.

I thought back to the days when I lived in Chicago in districts filled with the tenements of wage-earners. I thought back to what I knew then about the penetration of the poorer strata of society by the psychology of the richer. I thought back to what I knew about how prevalent discontent could be without any important prevalence of any real revolt against the institutions producing the conditions which produced the discontent.

Out of such districts, as out of the richer districts, the delegates to the conventions of great governing political parties are elected by a mass-mind in the image of the society creating that mind. Then those parties, by representing that mind, cultivate it and strengthen it. To cultivate a new mind, to cultivate a new psychology, to give it a chance for growth and development without being choked out by the mass-mind and by the dominant psychology, there has to be—as one might say—a political hot-house, the separate soil of a new political organization.

Such an organization, devoted to such a purpose, must necessarily begin small. The Progressive party in 1912 began big. It was a slice of the mass-mind. To be big at once, it had to be only slightly different from the rest of that mind. Then it lost even that slight difference under the pressure of a few immediate unfavorable election returns and under the pressure of the common fear of the cloud of radicalism on the world's horizon.

Therefore I do not think it quite fair to say that the Progressives of 1912 have capitulated to the Republicans in their ideas. I think it would be fairer to say that the Progressive party of 1912, if it were in existence at this time, would be behaving almost precisely as the Republican party is today behaving.

Poindexter of Washington, picking Bolsheviks off every bush, is not capitulating to anybody. He is simply being himself. And so is Henry Allen when he forwards an "industrial court" which is controlled by one class against another class, but which he regards as the voice of an impartial society, neutral between Labor and Capital.

Poindexter and Allen are devotees of that alleged impartial society just as completely as any of the men who followed Mr. Taft in 1912; and when that society is in danger of any slightest change in its actual inward structure, the mass of the Progressives rally to the mass of the Republicans in a perfectly sensible disregard of all differences of views regarding the divine or diabolical origin of direct primaries and of the tariff on lemons.

My friends in the Republican convention in Chicago—were—I say—wise. They knew in their bones that another "third party" within the psychology of the existing order would mean only another rallying reabsorption; and they were not prepared to accept a new order; and so they took the best they could get for a platform and for a candidate within the old party of their established personal affiliations and went ahead; and I thank them. They taught me firmly that the choice is between orders.

And I thank my Democratic friends. They instructed me when they came back from San Francisco.

They were bent on making the whole United States as progressive as Ohio. In 1912 they had been bent on making it as progressive as New Jersey. But how humble now were their anticipations of the results of progressivism!

Where in their talk now was their passion of 1912 for "anti-trust legislation"? Where was their adoration of those beautiful "Seven Sisters" —those seven debutante New Jersey laws—which had just been introduced to society in New Jersey and would be chaperoned into Washington by Mr. Wilson and would clear the country of "trusts" and end the reign of accumulated wealth? Gone. Killed by the cold experience of accumulations of wealth increasingly greater than ever before!

And where was their anger of 1912 against imperialism? Where was their hot zeal against Mr. Taft for his forcible meddlings in Nicaragua? Gone. Drowned by the necessity for excusing the forcible meddlings of Mr. Wilson in Haiti and Santa Domingo.

They talked to me about the League of Nations. They talked about international peace. And in the very midst of talking about it they excused and justified—not only for the United States but also for the world's other great nations—those imperialistic meddlings and holdings which are the chief cause of modern wars.

Within eight years these idealistic slayers of "trusts" and of "dollar diplomacy" had become tame accepters of an economic concentration for which they no longer proposed any curing remedy, and of an international exploitation for which they proposed only a league of the exploiters.

And where now is the earnestness with which in 1912 they were going to give us a new set of relations between Labor and Capital through

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such legislation as they afterwards passed in the Clayton law, declaring in good round terms that "Labor is not a commodity"?

That "new freedom" for Labor they accomplished. Do they boast of its results? Do they claim that Labor today, because of that "new freedom," is in any way freer? Do they claim that by that "new freedom" it is protected from the anti-union "open-shop" campaign of the associated employers of the country? Or from the anti-union decisions of the United States Supreme Court? Or from the anti-union enforcements of the Lever law by the Attorney General? Or from the anti-union refusals of recognition to postal-service organizations by the Postmaster-General?

They gracefully do not. They omit to defend their great legislative contribution to the freeing of Labor. And they omit something much more important and much more telling. They omit to come forward with any proposal by which the freeing which was intended by the Clayton law can be in fact accomplished by some other better and really effective statutory or constitutional revolution.

Today they really simply assert that Mr. Cox has been good and fair to Labor in Ohio in matters of humane social-red-cross-ambulance legislation, such as compensation for industrial accidents, and in matters of sheer constitutional inalienable rights, such as free assemblage and free speech. In the mouths of these makers of a "new freedom" it has actually become a theme of pride that their candidate for the Presidency, in the course of an industrial dispute, actually permitted the working-class citizens of his state to live under the United States Constitution.

But do they suggest even the minimum of actual advance which is essential to the time? Do they suggest any way in which the federal government will bring it about that the owners of property in industry in America shall broadly and generously recognize and encourage the organizations of those whose employment on that property is the one means by which they become either responsible and stable citizens of industry or else increasingly irresponsible and unstable profiteers upon it and deserters from it? Do they—as a group—as a party—suggest any way in which the federal government will tame Mr. Gary and emancipate the people whom he steadily demoralizes with his bullying foremen, his black-listing overseers, his slugging police-thugs, and his prying and lying spies?

No. They are gone away backward. In 1912 they lifted their eyes to a new heaven and a new earth. In 1920 their dearest ambition is to stabilize the old earth. Internationally they will stabilize it, with all its horrors in it, by a League. Domestically they will stabilize it, with all its class-war in it, by humane legislation for the physical well-being of the working-class combatants in that war and by the considerate and kindly attitude toward them which Mr. Cox will manifest whenever that war rises above its daily normal trench-warfare into a great open strike and battle.

Essentially these people are now as truly stand-patters as Mr. Lodge and Mr. Penrose. They plentifully and completely illustrate the necessary mental consequences of eight years of association with a party organization dominated throughout by the mass-mind of a society founded and grounded on the priority of man as owner over man as worker. They have spent eight years in an organization in which virtually every position of any important influence whatsoever is held by some person belonging to the class of the owners, belonging to it by membership or belonging to it by association or purchase; and today their dreams of any essentially new "New Freedom" are gone.

Against these people—in both old parties—the Farmer-Labor party, if I understand it, does not call for any personal protest. It does not ask for votes on any theory regarding Mr. Harding's intellect. It does not ask for votes on any theory regarding Mr. Cox's sincerity. If everybody who thinks that Mr. Harding is stupid, and if everybody who thinks that Mr. Cox is slippery, should offer to cast a ballot for Mr. Christensen, I would urge Mr. Christensen to urge them please to refrain.

The Farmer-Labor party, if I understand it, does not want to go into office as a protest against anybody's relative intelligence, or anybody's relative character, or anybody's relative progressivism within the order which makes property the sole arbiter of industry.

The Farmer-Labor party wants to build up within itself, or in conjunction with other parties of similar aims, a group of voters capable by their philosophy and by their discipline of demanding and of getting the total expulsion of private capital from all control of public utilities and of natural resources and of demanding and of getting—in all great industries whatsoever—an "increasing share" for Labor in the responsibilities of control and management.

In order to assemble such a group of voters the Farmer-Labor party takes a certain route, a certain method, which is not the quick route and not the sudden method of the protest of 1912. That route, that method, I will now attempt to describe.

WILLIAM HARD.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Half a Vote for Harding

SIR: Your issue of September 9th contains an editorial article entitled The Prospect of Harding, in which you take the position that if this specimen of Old Guard statesmanship is elected it will be the result of independent and progressive votes. You say that Harding "is not only a frank reactionary, but he is nearly a perfect example of the type." And you argue from this that if independents and progressives contribute to his election it "will be proof positive of the failure of progressivism to obtain its fundamental objective."

With this position I heartily concur. I do not see how any independent or progressive voter can support Senator Harding. One thing is certain, and that is that a progressive who can support Harding can pledge himself in advance to support any future Republican nominee because even the cynical Old Guard will never nominate a man less fit, on the basis of his public record and his known character, to be President than the Republican candidate this year. I can imagine the sardonic humor with which Messrs. Penrose, Smoot and Barnes regard the eagerness of many progressives, who rebelled on moral grounds against Taft in 1912, to climb into the Harding bandwagon in 1920.

But I cannot accept your conclusion that those independent and progressive voters who refuse to support the shifting and evasive figurehead who was nominated at Chicago should throw their votes away on Christensen, the candidate of the Farmer-Labor party, or on Debs, who is again at the head of the Socialist ticket. If the protest vote is really a protest vote and has the courage of its convictions, it will not throw itself away in such a manner. It will make itself felt in the only way in which it can be felt, and that will be by supporting the Democratic national ticket.

In every election the party machine relies, first upon a solid party vote and second upon a divided opposition. And so this year the Republican professionals in trying to bring the White House down to Harding's level count upon the thick and thin party voters who will support the party ticket regardless of the platform or of the candidate. But with equal confidence they are also counting upon the independent or "high-brow" voters who think they are protesting when they are merely throwing their votes away. The New Republic falls into this latter class when it urges independent and progressive voters to be as futile and ineffective in this campaign as it, itself, has been to date and apparently proposes to be until Election Day.

A vote for Christensen or Debs is half a vote for Harding. Such a vote is no more effectual as a protest than if the voter should stay at home on Election Day. In advocating a divided opposition to Harding the New Republic is actively assisting the Republican campaign committee in working for Harding's success. Of course, the New Republic has the right to do this if it chooses. But if it is supporting Harding, either on a 100 per cent or a 50 per cent basis, it ought to do it openly and not befuddle people by insisting in one and the same breath that they should not cast a full vote for Harding, but should cast half a vote. If independent and progressive voters are really sincere in their desire to protest against the worst nomination that has been made by any great political party in a generation and to rebuke the sinister influences back of Harding, they will not go running around the lot looking for a place to cast their votes where their votes cannot possibly do Harding any real harm. They will vote in a way that will express the maximum of protest. They will vote for Cox.

Moreover, the New Republic is assisting Harding in another way besides advocating half a vote against him instead of a full vote. Its position seems to be that a vote for Cox is a vote of ratification of all the sins of commission and omission of the Wilson administration.

If Harding is elected President of the United States in November it will be largely on account of the reaction from the Wilson administration. People will vote blindly for Harding because they think they will be rebuking Woodrow Wilson. The New Republic seems to have the same attitude of unreason and blind prejudice. It knows that Harding isn't fit to be President, and it says that independents and progressives will be stultifying themselves if they vote for him. Yet it insists with equal and greater emphasis that the Wilson administration must also be rebuked. The trouble with the New Republic is that everything appears either black or white to it. There are no gradations of tone. Wilson has either been all angel or all devil. As I read the New Republic these days I find it difficult to recall that something like two years ago I terminated my subscription by a letter in which one of the principal reasons assigned was the blind and idolatrous way in which Wilson and his administration were regarded. In the eyes of the New Republic, Wilson could do no wrong in those days. He was the great progressive and spiritual leader. Your adulation of him was little short of sickening. Its effect on me was such that I felt compelled to separate myself from your subscription list for the time being. Now you go to the other extreme, and Cox, who is no more like Wilson than Wilson is like Grover Cleveland, or than Theodore Roosevelt was like William Howard Taft, is offered as the vicarious victim of your blind resentment against Wilson and the Wilson administration.

Please do not understand me as attempting to apologize for or defend the Wilson administration. I voted for Roosevelt in 1912 and for Hughes in 1916. The hypocrisies of Wilson and the failures of his administration were apparent to any fair-minded person prior to and during the period of your abject worship of him. I am not for Wilson any more today than I have been for him, and I have been for him not at all. But I don't propose to allow my opposition to the Wilson administration to cloud my reason. The question this year is not whether to vote for Wilson or Harding, but whether to vote for Cox or Harding. Cox was nominated at San Francisco not because he was a Wilson man, but on the contrary. To be sure he recognized the political proprieties by calling at the White House once since his nomination, but during his campaign it has become increasingly clear that he isn't a pro-administration man and that he has distinct and clearly defined policies of his own upon the leading issues of the day. My belief is that if the New Republic should forget its prejudices and its blind hatreds and con-

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sider the availability of the two men, Cox and Harding, upon their public records, their announced positions and their general repute as public men, there would not be the slightest doubt that it would find a distinct balance in favor of Cox, and that as a consequence thereof it would advocate support of him by independent and progressive voters upon the face of the record.

Cox or Harding will be the next President of the United States during four possibly fateful years, and by drawing the red herring of Wilsonism across the trail and by advocating a protest vote against Harding, which isn't a protest vote at all, the New Republic is assuming a responsibility with reference to Harding and the next administration that it is solemnly warning the progressive voters of the country they should pause and consider carefully before assuming. The position of the New Republic is such that it can confidently be charged that it is "positively and deliberately assisting in the election of a President who has incarnated and who continues to incarnate the convictions, the practices and the point of view against which for thirty-two years progressives and independents have lived to protest."

HAROLD L. ICKES.

Chicago, Illinois.

Harding's Position Defined

SIR: The Philadelphia Public Ledger on September 25th had a first-page head-line, "Harding's Position on Prohibition Issue Defined." The definition is contained in this marvelously clear and lucid statement, sent by Harding's secretary at the direction of the Senator: "Should he be elected and Congress passes a law amending, modifying or repealing the Volstead law, he will consider it carefully and act in accordance with his best judgment in connection with it and with the circumstances of its passage."

We can now imagine an early and equally clear "definition of position" on all the important issues of the campaign. Question: "What is Harding's position on the excess profits tax?" Answer: "If elected and Congress repeals the law he will act in accordance with his best judgment." Question: "What is Harding's position on the Russian question?" Answer: "If elected and Congress passes a law declaring war on Russia, he will act in accordance with his best judgment."

Another statement in the letter defining his position on the prohibition question is this startling pronouncement: "He voted for the Volstead law and is in favor of its enforcement as long as it is on the statute books." The independent voters of the country will be greatly influenced by the knowledge that Senator Harding believes in the enforcement of the laws.

In another part of the same "definition of position" Harding's ownership of brewery stock is easily explained from a prohibition standpoint on the ground that the brewery was only a local enterprise, and the stock which never paid dividends, is now "worthless, and the brewery defunct." Surprising that brewery stock should now be worthless!

As the New Republic has said, "The man simply cannot think." Perhaps in this case it is partly his secretary who cannot think. But we have thought that Harding's chief qualification for the Presidency is his ability to gather around him a brilliant array of statesmen.

VINCENT D. NICHOLSON.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Famine in Munich

SIR: As I learn from all sides, there will be this winter, among two or three thousand young men and women students of Munich, a real famine, the effects of which will be the worse for the fact that the young people, mostly children of widows, officials, teachers, must work for an early graduation because of their need to earn their living. If you have acquaintances in America who would like to help, but who want to be sure that the gifts go to those who really need them most, please give them my address, Susenbergstrasse 100, Zurich, either for food-drafts or for checks on Swiss banks, so that I can send cheese, which is very much demanded, and the exportation of which has been permitted to me in any quantity for this purpose. I shall guarantee for the very best employ of such gifts. For old clothes, neckties, collars, address them to: F. Beck, Zimmer 144, Universitat Muenchen.

F. W. FOERSTER.

Zurich, Switzerland.

The "Labor Party" in West Virginia

SIR: In his article of recent date Mr. Hard states that the Labor party movement in West Virginia is vigorous under the name Non-Partisan League. And he marvels that there was but one delegate from that state at Chicago. When I first read the statement, I experienced a distinct shock of glad surprise, immediately suffused however by a reaction of doubt. West Virginia, though militant in many labor questions, has never envisaged the class struggle in political terms, at least not noticeably. Its miners, in the southern counties, even where organized, generally vote with one or the other of the old line parties. In the northern districts, the steel workers and miners who are more effectively organized than in the southern section do the same. It was this thought and the knowledge that labor in West Virginia is essentially conservative—driven to desperate remedies only when incited by hired thugs—that mixed my surprise with doubt. Upon my return to the state I have found the explanation of Mr. Hard's optimistic sentiment; and it is hardly what he implies.

The Non-Partisan League, so-called, is not in the true sense of the word a "Labor party movement"; it is scarcely a movement. It has no philosophy or theory or principle. It is simply an attempt to promote the election of certain individuals, some of whom are supposed to be more favorable to labor than the regular candidates of both political parties. At the Republican primaries one of the candidates, whose labor sympathies were more or less fixed, was nosed out of the nomination by a handful of votes, a circumstance that gave rise to charges of manipulation, charges that were never proved. He is now running independently and has been endorsed by a movement, called the Non-Partisan League, started expressly for this purpose. Incidentally the organization has endorsed for various offices, national and county, men who are the regular candidates of the Republican or Democratic parties, and whose reputed sympathy for labor is less than illusive. One, at least is a hard-grained impervious reactionary; another is commonly credited with being the tool of an unscrupulous ring. The Non-Partisan League is crassly opportunistic with no solid program of action. It is hardly a "Labor party movement." This may explain Mr. Hard's disappointment at there being but one delegate from West Virginia at Chicago.

LOUIS A. MISCHKIND.

Wheeling, West Virginia.

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Books and Things

"IT'S a splendid class, the Middle Class. I don't belong to it meself but I've always thought it a splendid class."

So spoke to me an elderly steward on a Cunard ship. How we came to be talking of the middle class I don't recall but this pensive tribute to a large wedge of human society struck me as peculiar and memorable, especially coming from a man who was in no way servile.

Duke looked like one of Orpen's portraits of British generals. He had the same fine fresh coloring, the same honorable white hair, the same brisk white moustache. He was stocky, square-shouldered, sturdy, though with a slight rheumatic limp, and he had the same clear, honest, steady blue eye. He was also very incompetent.

By race Duke was English, though he assured me he was Hirish because he had been born in Ireland. In conversation I found him bright and resourceful as becomes a much-traveled man, amiable in temper and responsive at all times of the day. He failed to reduce the cockroaches in my cabin by more than two per cent. He never paid attention to the emptiable receptacles until they were full to overflowing. But a man who has pleasant social gifts can hardly be expected to perform humble routine services. And no routineer would have announced or even realized the splendor of the middle class.

Perhaps it is a splendid class, seen from below. One must be cautious about these important discriminations. But it is odd to find a man rattling the chains of his own class with so much complacency. It is odd, in short, to have anyone accept the crazy accident of class as a natural dispensation.

I met a priest in a railway carriage who had been many years in India—near Malabar, I think he said. He told me very honestly that his converts among the natives brought their caste with them, and it was impossible to make the high caste converts sit near the Untouchables in chapel. The Brahmins, for that reason, are practically impossible to convert. He told me of a Jesuit who, in order to seduce the Brahmins, himself adopted the outward emblems of a Brahmin and made the lower members of his order abase themselves before him. But even this did not succeed because an envious Franciscan communicated the matter to Rome and had the wearing of the Brahminical cords forbidden. This particular priest, however, got on very well with the Brahmins. His name was O'Connell and he was a remote kinsman of Daniel O'Connell. The public opinion of Malabar, apparently, favored the idea that in their own country the O'Connells were some pumpkins, and hence this charming man was treated with most distinguished consideration.

When the Hindus do it we can see it, but when we do it ourselves we are perfectly oblivious. Well, not perfectly, because Barrie has written The Admirable Crichton and Shaw has written Pygmalion and Meredith Evan Harrington and Wells Kipps and Bennett Denry the Audacious and May Sinclair The Divine Fire, all of which could not have been written unless class existed. But the unnatural dispensation of class we do take with great seriousness. I know, for myself, I let people impose a class on me. In this respect, also, I am a slave.

It is in places like the Ritz that I discover it. I feel, that is to say, that I have a social periphery and that something is rubbing it the wrong way. Usually it is the bell-boy or the grand upholstered doorman. Either I have prepared myself against the pomaded hotel clerk and the cloak-room girl and the doorman by going to particular pains to co-ordinate (1) shoeshine, (2) haircut, (3) clothes pressed, (4) heels not worn down, (5) gloves; or, having failed to pay this tribute, I feel the invidious glances of the Ritz. And as for my hat, it never seems good enough for these formidable establishments. Some men, the editor of Vanity Fair above all others, invariably look as if they were wearing a brilliantly selected new hat for the first time. These are the kind of men who could buy a hat in Gimbel's basement and yet look impeccable. But I confess my affinity with those good professors who, when they are dressed up for a Reception, look as uncomfortable as Brussels carpets.

This, I suppose, is being middle class. And the hotels inculcate it. It is the game of expensive hotels to impose certain standards on its male and female visitants, and even to turn out of doors the gentry who do not live up to its requirements. You think not? I was with perhaps the best-known American poet one evening in the Knickerbocker hotel and because his raincoat had that shabbiness which is the lamentable attribute of cheap raincoats, the house detective (beautifully attired in a dinner coat) walked up to him and mumbled an order to get out. And to this sartorial joss the great American people burn tons of incense. The department stores have very little to do with clothing. They are places where people who have nothing on inside can make up for it by putting something on outside.

The English are not so crude in this respect. A woman may be clad very simply and have a long horse face, yet by the way she sits in her first-class carriage reading the Morning Post through a lorgnette she establishes a line of ancestors all the way back to the first cocoanut-tree. And if you pick up the gloves that have slid off her lap, she accepts them with an ascending "'Nkyou" which is more frigid and unfriendly than silence. An Englishman can look down his nose at you and say "Quite" in a manner that makes your natural friendliness seem like the effusion of an ill-bred dog. Until you learn that the cure for such stuffy behavior is a rude intolerance of it, you may suffer from English stiffness, but at least it does not assert its superiority by wearing inappropriate furs.

The English male does, however, pay enormous attention to clothes. "He wore brown shoes with a blue suit!" an Englishman recently exclaimed to me. That gave the whole show away, I was supposed to infer. I nodded significantly. "My God! You're not serious. Brown shoes!"

But the human race is very busy about these matters that go to make up class. There is the true tale of an Irish tinker whose son had taken to selling newspapers. The father pursued his child to the Newsboys' Club and dragged him out before the rest of the newsboys. He took all the unsold papers and tore them to shreds. "Is it disgracing the tinkers you'd be by selling papers in the street? Is it bring shame on a family of tinkers? I'll learn you, so I will." And he learned him by a very old and primitive process that preceded our happy attainment of a League of Nations.

There are some human beings who belong to no class. They move vertically from one economic level to another without any acute consciousness of the particular rags that cover the human pelt. They have other preoccupations. These people, it seems to me, are the only civilized people. In a plutocracy like America one meets very few of them.

F. H.

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Outspoken Essays

Outspoken Essays, by Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. New York: Longmans, Green and Co.

DEAN INGE stands with Bishop Gore as one of the two strongest figures today in the Church of England. They certainly do not stand together in any other respect. This latest volume by the Dean is so much his best that it brings him out in a new quality. As a craftsman in his chosen subject of metaphysics and other philosophy he has not done the exact work which alone could have special distinction. As a historian of mysticism his labors have been useful, but he has too little the mystical temperament and mind to be an adequate interpreter. As a preacher he has been always impressive without greatness. But here, as a free-lance, as a critic of life, men, morals, institutions, dress, foods, the Labor party, political economy and literature, he is his true and powerful self. The scholar, the citizen and the preacher blend, and the acute observer joins them. Mr. Shaw, who has danced a delicious hornpipe before the book, and hailed its author as "our most extraordinary churchman, our most extraordinary writer, and in some very vital respects our most extraordinary man," tempers this more-than-justice to the author with the scantiest notice of the contents of the volume. The assaults on democracy and on articles of the Christian creed have attracted most attention, but the three essays that centre each in a man, those on St. Paul, Newman and Bishop Gore are perhaps the most memorable pieces of work. At all points we find the mind of this dignitary of the church swimming vigorously in the mid-stream of the intellectual life of our time.

The elaborate attack on democracy moves on familiar lines but is wholesome reading. Democracy in time of peace does not bring the best men to the top, is a ready victim to shibboleths and catchwords, guilty of iconoclasm, obstruction, tyranny, is liable to the fatal diseases of anarchy and corruption. Moreover, the majority impose taxes on the minority. The learned writer sustains these charges by striking illustration. He is willing to see monarchy restored in Russia as well as Germany. But he is by no means the common Tory. "We shall not attempt to prophesy what the political constitution will be. Every existing form of government is bad," etc. Then may not democracy be the best? To prove his point he must show it not only bad but worse. Incidentally he remarks: "A very good case may be made out for having an ascetic order of moral and physical aristocrats and entrusting them with the government of the country. Plato forbade his guardians to own wealth, and thus secured an uncorrupt administration, one of the rarest and best of virtues in a government." Who are the parties who are ultimately to choose or accept these aristocrats and "entrust" government to them? Surely he would say, the people, who have the numerical power. But that is democracy—at least if the people may revoke the trust and accept others—the essence of democracy being that the people shall have *security* for their good government. What seems Dean Inge's underlying tendency of thought we may concede to him. The people for the most part should not hope to govern, but only to choose their governors or leaders. This thought was the starting point of the life work of John Stuart Mill. How, he asked, shall the people know whom to choose, who are the genuine experts, how to "bring the best men to the top?" They know in some spheres already who are the experts, as for instance, amongst engineers, surgeons and the like. This shows, reasoned Mill, that the true experts will be recognized by the people when they are recognized by their brethren in their own craft and specialty. In what subjects are they so recognized? In certain practical arts and sciences, yes; in politics, no. Politics is "a matter of opinion," certain practical sciences are not. Mill then went to work to study the methods of reasoning in these successful sciences in order to find the secret of their method and apply it to such an unsuccessful science as politics, and to social science at large. His "logic" concluding with the "logic of the social sciences" was the result. His great work of formulating the methods of the physical sciences was done in order to apply them, with the changes required by the subject-matter, to the sciences that were still chaotic; in other words, to improve the standard of reasoning in those sciences, as it has been improved (but only in very modern times) in chemistry, etc. The token of a successful science is that its experts will be recognized as such because the tests of expert work are definite. Make them definite in politics and you will have recognized experts, and the people desiring their own welfare will as naturally choose tested experts for their governors as they go to a tested carpenter or plumber, or consult a tried and approved sanitary engineer. This would bring us to the unfamiliar conclusion that the hope for democracy lies not primarily in the reform of the people but in the testing of political thought. It lies first of all with the thinkers and not with the populace, for the need is to make thought respected. For example, they should be on a level of reasoning that would forbid fancying it to be a good argument against democracy to point out its defects without showing that some other system has less defect. Such an argument should be instantly condemned by the thinker's own mind as an obvious fallacy. Yet such arguments abound and impress on every side. In fine, what is needed to reform democracy is logical education, beginning with those who undertake to inform and guide their fellows. This clever book is strewn with those arbitrary opinions whose prevalence is the deepest reason for the failure of democracy. It is odd that Dean Inge should speak only of "moral and physical aristocrats," forgetting aristocracy of intelligence. If he holds up ascetic simplicity and discipline of life as an ideal for the leaders of the state, let him not forget the more difficult and exacting high discipline of thought. There is as much room for heroic control of impulse and rigorous order in the responsible task of thinking as in any other task of life.

Dean Inge omits one of the chief intrinsic defects of popular government, that it is so uninteresting. It was interesting for Frederick II or Napoleon to transform and shape a nation; it had all the excitement of huge creative work. It is less exciting for a feeble unit in the population to cast his vote. To divide power and initiative into minute fractions makes the possessor of each fraction feel it relatively unimportant whether he exercises his power or not, or even exercises it aright. There is a very similar situation in morals. The object of moral rules, just like the object of political institutions, is the general welfare. Yet the individual might feel that his own petty lying or thieving would by itself make small difference to the general welfare. Since, if everyone reasoned thus that welfare would be wrecked, morality attaches a sacredness, a peculiar solemnity to moral obligation, counting it a disgrace to be indifferent thereto. It is really one of the functions of the church to teach a similar sacredness in

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the citizen's obligation to vote, to vote his best, and to think with conscience for that purpose. The sacredness of civic duty, extending to the judgments of the mind, is a thing that the clergy can inculcate by spoken teaching, and yet more impressively by example.

The same scant stress on intelligence is seen throughout in the author's view of Christian morals. There are two possible views of the Christian ideal of life; they differ according as we fix attention on the one who acts or on those who are helped or hurt by his action. If our attention is on the latter we shall not belittle material things, seeing that kindness must wish to give material benefits to others, and that the tone of the whole life, mental and spiritual as well as other, is known to depend largely on physical conditions. But if, on the other hand, we fix attention on the person who acts, our emphasis will be against material things, for what he needs is to be taught to give and not to take, to think of the good of others and control the instincts that care only for his own; in a word, to be unselfish. Properly speaking these are the two halves of Christian morality. But in only one of these cases is there a mood to be imparted; you do not have to preach solemnly to people about receiving benefit but only about giving it. So it happens that the Christian preacher, in speech and in print, keeps praising the mood of indifference to material things, the superior value of spiritual attitudes to any good whatever, etc., etc. This is the burden of Dean Inge's whole moral deliverance. It is of course wholly sound so far as it would open our eyes to the comparative worthlessness of many luxuries, whether for self or for others, and help to a balanced estimate of the real values in life. But for the most part it simply forgets the object for which morality exists at all, and which current morality so largely fails to compass, namely: human welfare. It is the duty of intelligence to keep hold of the clue and to see to it that ethical idealism really subserves the happiness of humanity. The clue is lost though the mood is elevated when the author writes: "It is not necessary to remind the reader that in Christianity all the paraphernalia of life are valued very lightly; that all the good and all the evil which exalt or defile the man have their seat within him, in his own character; that we are sent into the world to suffer and to conquer suffering; that it is more blessed to give than to receive," etc. As moral teaching on things social and economic from a Christian leader this is simply false to the life and thought of Christ. It is untrue that according to Christianity people in general are sent into the world to suffer and bear suffering. Is "a cup of cold water" amongst "the paraphernalia of life" which are to be lightly valued? Are meat for the hungry, clothing for the naked, shelter for the homeless to be so reckoned? Good and evil in a man's character mean simply the dispositions that make for or against the general welfare. It is morally blessed to give and no *moral* blessedness of course attaches to receiving; it is morally blessed to give, but the object of giving is that others may receive and enjoy; it is morally blessed to give because it is so vitally important that the material goods of life (when they really are such) should be received by those who need them and not monopolized by those into whose hands they first fall. There is no shadow of warrant in Christianity for condemning economic or political movements because they concern themselves with the material conditions of the poor. There can be no question about such movements but one: are their aims really such as to advance human welfare? It is a question for intelligence alone.

When the author comes to set up mysticism against organized Christianity or what he calls institutionalism he sees an antithesis where none exists. The imaginary foes could only, to use the expression of a great teacher, charge furiously down parallel lanes at each other and never clash. Christianity is essentially mystical, but it is also essentially social and corporate. Strangely enough, this champion of mysticism does not appear to be a mystic. And he is more nearly a stoic than a Christian. Strangely, also, this opponent of institutionalism incidentally proposes a new religious league ("since religion has a cohesive force greater than any other bond") with apparently a definite faith and a still more definite rule of life, with "provision for community life, like that of the old monasteries, for both sexes," and a distinctive dress.

However, the more controversial parts of the book, on which we have lingered, are not, it must be repeated, the parts of most permanent value. The essays on St. Paul and Newman are masterpieces in their kind. And the vigor of mind and pen are a pleasure from first to last.

D. S. M.

A Socialistic Constitution

A Constitution for the Socialist Commonwealth of Great Britain, by Beatrice and Sidney Webb. New York: Longmans Green.

TO a generation which needs, above all, hard thinking as the main specific for its ills, Mr. and Mrs. Webb give the best that is in them. No one not intimately acquainted with the detailed structure of English politics can possibly realize the full significance of this volume. For that structure is, to put it bluntly, beyond repair in the old sense. The rude shock of Cromwell apart, the British constitution is the child of happy accidents; but the day for undesigned change has gone. The state has embarked upon experiments for which its present machinery is unfitted; and by those experiments it must stand or fall. It was not difficult to govern in the age when religious controversy most largely occupied the attention of the state. It was simple to administer when the main task of statesmanship was to avoid embarrassment. But the state today has entered the domain of economics and it legislates for a critical audience of forty millions. The nineteenth century formula of government by the discussion of well-meaning amateurs has ceased to have application or meaning. The day of the expert has arrived; and the chief problem before us is to combine the power his knowledge must demand with democratic control.

It is a complex task, and Mr. and Mrs. Webb supply a complex scheme to meet it. There is no field of social organization they do not enter; and there is no field where their analysis is not at once amazingly suggestive and incomparably well-informed. Not indeed, that there is not ample room for criticism and even criticism of fundamentals. It could, I think, be said with truth, that Mr. and Mrs. Webb have not thought out with adequacy the relations between the two parliaments they propose to institute; and, in particular, how a parliament to which the control of finance is confided can avoid becoming a dominant partner in a structure where the concept of a nice equipoise is vital. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, moreover, have a trust in the working of committees the evidence for which is lacking. A committee is, at best, a hopeless substitute for a great administrator like Lord Haldane, for

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example, who knows what he wants and finds the men like Sir Charles Harris, who can get it for him. A committee, in short, can draft a program, but it cannot see that program through. If it does, it is because the committee has surrendered its function to some dominating individual member. Nor have Mr. and Mrs. Webb discussed, with anything like the fullness it requires, the position to be occupied in their system by the judiciary. The scheme they propose involves a written constitution, and a written constitution involves judicial review. Yet these are criticisms of detail rather than of fundamental purpose. What Mr. and Mrs. Webb have done is to cast a light upon the mechanism of government such as it has not had since Mr. Graham Wallas's Human Nature in Politics in one field, and Bagehot's English Constitution in another.

Mr. and Mrs. Webb desire to destroy what they call the dictatorship of the capitalist; by which they mean the association of power with property. That involves the view that power so created is dangerous, for it erects about itself safeguards and they are built upon the lives of other men. The power derived from property Mr. and Mrs. Webb would replace by power derived from public service. That this can be effected is the unstated assumption of their system.

Can it be done? The argument has never been discussed in the detail it deserves. Is public service, to take an obvious instance, compatible with that absorption in private experience with which so much of modern psychology concerns itself? And how far is the ability at the service of the state really able to cope with the tasks Mr. and Mrs. Webb ask it to undertake? To the first question we can at least say that if the accumulation of property is to be made impossible our social system must provide an adequate channel of compensation, and public service can, as the record of English politics makes clear, be made as attractive as any other mode of life. Whether we have the ability at our command, in a full sense, the future alone can determine. Certainly we shall not know until we give to the next generation an educational system which frankly recognizes their citizenship. The questions to be debated in the future will be even more highly technical than now; and much will depend upon the way in which the policy of government is explained to the public, and the education the citizens receive to prepare them for its explanation. Here, it must be confessed, Mr. and Mrs. Webb are a little disappointing. They do not seem to realize how intimately an adequate news service, and a fair comment upon it, is bound up with democratic institutions. So, too, with education. One of the lessons of the war has, I think, been the demonstration that our educational systems are largely useless for the purpose we have in view. They do not seem to confer that detachment in the presence of facts which is vital to statesmanship. The truth seems to be that the kind of detachment we require in the presence of contemporary facts is unrelated to the substance of our present educational methods. But all Mr. and Mrs. Webb's institutions will be useless, or, if not useless, will merely add a new oligarchy to the old, if they do not appeal to a populace which grasps their meaning. How is that to be attained? What proportion of the people must become interested for its attainment? What method will secure the certain presence of that proportion?

Here, I think, we move into the realm of collective psychology; and that is, at present, a little like saying that we move into the realm of ignorance. There are, I know, not a few who believe that good houses, steady employment, proper pay and a share in the control of their lives, will resolve these questions without further ado. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, I should suspect, are inclined to be on this side. Yet we have many who enjoy all these advantages, who yet remain not so much anti-social in outlook as entirely unaware of the social issues. It may well be, indeed, as Mr. Tawney has argued, that a society informed by acquisitive ideals becomes so distorted in its moral judgment as to give us no basis for reflection. It may be that when public service rather than private gain is the dominating motive, these difficulties will disappear. Russia, at least, should show us how far economic change becomes directly responsible for the emergence of that moral idealism of which Mr. and Mrs. Webb are themselves so admirable an example. At any rate we need, in this realm, a far more searching inquiry into first principles than Mr. and Mrs. Webb have given. For we demand in politics not so much the best that can be conceived as the best that can be fitted into the facts with which we work; and until those facts are more fully known, a good deal of our speculation must remain in a vacuum. H. J. L.

Common Sense in Labor Management, by Neil M. Clark. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"ONLY one theme runs through this book," says Mr. Clark—"the need for frankness, force and justice in management."

Believing thus that it is good business for managers to be mindful of their employees' opinions and desires, Mr. Clark records typical examples of successful ventures in industrial relations. His narrative is informing and persuasive as he discusses working conditions, living conditions, incentives, security of employment and other problems. He even advises employers that they can advantageously work out many methods in cooperation with the "best conservative union leaders."

Mr. Clark has learned well from editorial experience on business journals how to inoculate his employer readers with the beginnings of ideas without their full awareness of what is taking place.

But to what extent can that justify the statement of half-truths in which the more important half is withheld? Mr. Clark is responsible for such sentences as these: "The unions have in many instances taught employers justice. . . . In the last analysis, however, it is a task of management to see that provisions are made whereby justice may be done." "The right of the employer to discharge is fundamental in a free industry."

These sentences betray a confusion of thinking which detracts from the book's usefulness. Such ideas will never be agreed to by the workers. And the agreement of the workers is one of the things that determines the soundness of practical proposals to improve industrial relations.

Mr. Clark does not mean to mislead, for he is in general traveling on the right road. Witness the point of view with which he begins and ends when he says: "There is a spirit abroad that the true aim of business is service to society; and that it is right and necessary, and profitable, to see that the workers have a more equal share in the satisfaction of serving and the rewards of service."

But in addition to a good sense of direction, it is essential today to have a shrewd sense of ways of realizing "liberty," "equality" and "justice," which workers no less than managers will agree to. O. T.

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